

Can't Explain

by Phoenix Night

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Summary: Goku gives Vegeta advice that helps him make a choice....

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Disclaimer: I do not own Dragonball Z it belongs to Akira Toriyama, Toei Animation and Funimation. However the song, "_Lullaby of the Heart"_ does belong to me. I wrote it just for this story.

AN: I know that there are a lot of Vegeta and Bulma stories out there. But I decided to throw my two cents in. Warning: Some characters are out of character. Weather major or minor personality changes, I haven't decided. Warning2: There is major romance ahead, so if you don't like this type of story. Please go to another one. Warning3: (Last One, I promise!) I split up the last section of the story because it's just easier to read that way. It was one huge paragraph in the beginning. Well, Enjoy!

Bulma walked over to the balcony outside of her bedroom. Opening the door she found that the night air was chilly. She shivered then pulled her robe tighter around her thin body. A small chuckle escaped her lips. Just seven months ago she had been as fat as a house. Just before I had Trunks. Just before he left. Bulma thought sadly to herself. She looked inside the door to where her son was sleeping in the crib beside her double bed. Poor baby boy. Your father doesn't care about you, or me. The thought was enough to make Bulma start crying again. She stared at the clear, star filled sky for a moment longer, then turned to go back inside to her sleeping son.

Many miles away beside a small dark lake, Vegeta was deep in thought.

Thinking was a pastime he rarely partook of. When he did actually sit down and think it was usually whether or not the person bothering him should have a quick, painless death or a slow and painful one. Vegeta's thoughts right now weren't directed at life and death matters, but rather, on matters of the heart. He had been at this lake for over two months. The first five months he had spent wandering from place to place. He missed Bulma, but he didn't want anything to do with Trunks. To go back would be to admit to everyone that he was ready to settle down and be a father. Father. There was that word again. His own father had mostly left him alone growing up. When he did speak it was either to

tell him what he had done wrong or just plain insult him. I could be a better father than he could, if I really want to. But, no, I will not. I will not go back. He vowed silently. With that matter taken care of Vegeta decided to get something to eat. But he still felt unsettled about his decision. "It is done. I've made my decision." He said angrily to himself. He pushed his thoughts to the back of his mind. A part of him, however, still felt he had made the wrong choice.

Bulma shifted Trunks to her other hip, as she knocked on the door of the Son house. ChiChi opened the door a few seconds later. "Hi Bulma." She said. Trunks cooed at ChiChi. Both women smiled at the small baby. "Hello to you too, Trunks." Chichi said, gently tickling Trunks under his chin. Trunks laughed and smiled at her, his tiny arms waving in the air. "Why are you here, Bulma?" She asked. "I just came to talk." Bulma said, sounding a tired. "Alright, I'll go put some tea on." Chichi said. Bulma followed her into the house, a tentative smile on her face.

Vegeta had just finished his breakfast when he felt a familiar ki. Looking up he saw Goku hovering a few feet above him. "What do you want Kakarot?" He snapped. The other Saiyan landed in front of him before he replied. "I was just heading home." "Humph." Was Vegeta's reply. "Why don't you go home, Vegeta?" Goku said innocently. "Because I don't have a home, Kakarot!" Vegeta growled, losing his temper. "I thought your home was with Bulma." At the mention of the woman's name Vegeta calmed down. "Bulma." He said to himself. "Vegeta? Are you all right?" Goku asked. "Kakarot tell me something. Why do you stay with your mate and brat?" he asked. Goku sat down, a thoughtful look on his face. "I stay with them because I love." "Why? Why do you care about them?" Vegeta persisted. Goku's facial expression became even more thoughtful, as if he was really considering an answer to Vegeta's question. "I don't know why I care about them. Its something I just can't explain. A mystery really." He said. Goku looked up at the fading sun. "Yikes! I better get going before Chichi throws a fit!" he exclaimed. He levitated into the air. "Bye Vegeta!" he called as he headed for home. I can't really explain it! Goku's words echoed in the Saiyan prince's mind. "Hmm, I wonderâ€¢" he said to himself. Making a quick decision in his mind, he powered up and headed off in a different direction from the one Goku had gone.

"Oh please, Trunks! Please go to sleep." Bulma pleaded with her son, to no avail. She had gotten back from ChiChi's a little after eight. She had put Trunks to bed and then gone to bed herself. But a high pitched wail at midnight had gotten her out of bed. Two and half hours later she was still trying to coax Trunks into sleeping. Bulma sat in the rocker in Trunks's just recently completed room. She

started to croon a lullaby from her childhood years that her mother used to sing to her:

—
I see you in the distance,
I see myself in your eyes,
I see what we have is something strange,
I see the song, the lullaby that plays in your heart.

Lullaby, lullaby

I sing you a lullaby

From my heart to say how

Much I love you.

To say how I treasure you so.

This song plays eternally,

This song my child is for you,

This song is from my heart to you

This song runs so deep in you and I.

Lullaby, lullaby

I sing you a lullaby

From my heart to say how

Much I love you.

To say how I treasure you so.

—
Vegeta had flown back to Capsule Corp. after his encounter with Goku. He had landed outside his old bedroom on the balcony. He expected to see Bulma asleep on the bed. Looking in the bedroom and not seeing her there, he began to worry a little bit. He opened the balcony door and looked around for any sign of Bulma. Finding none he walked into the hallway. Vegeta immediately saw one door slightly ajar. By this time he could hear what sounded like a baby crying. Could that be my son? He thought to himself. He peeked in the through the crack and saw Bulma, in a rocking chair with a lavender-haired baby in her arms. She softly began to sing to the baby. The baby stopped crying after the first few notes and listened-so did Vegeta.

Vegeta softly opened the door and walked in. Bulma looked up,

startled. "Vegeta!" she exclaimed. She rose from her chair, backing up to the wall. She clutched Trunks protectively, fear was showing in her blue eyes. Vegeta walked over and simply looked at her. "What are you doing here, Vegeta?" she asked, getting her nerve back. Vegeta glanced at the bundle in her arms. "Is that him?" he asked quietly. Vegeta looked at Trunks and hesitantly placed a glove hand on one of the chubby cheeks. He finally answered Bulma's earlier question. "I came back because I realize I was wrong." I belong here with you. And him." He said, quietly, glancing down at his son. Impulsively, Bulma dumped her son in Vegeta's arms. Startled, he held his arms still. Trunks stirred slightly in his sleep, but he settled down grabbing one of his father's fingers in the process.

The Saiyan's hard look softened. Looking up at Bulma, he pulled her to his side with his free arm. Bulma laid her head on his shoulder. "Why did you really come back?" she murmured. Vegeta kissed her forehead. "I can't really explain it. I just know I belong here." He said. Shifting Trunks slightly in his arm and putting the other around Bulma, he kissed her full on the mouth. Stopping to look at her face, Vegeta knew he had made the right choice. He glanced down at Trunks. You're one reason I decided to come back my son. He thought. He walked over to the crib and placed the sleeping infant in it, covering him with the blanket. He looked back at Bulma, who watched him with a slight smile on her lips. Vegeta walked back over to her and slid both arms around her, drawing her close. Tilting her face up, he kissed her with a bit more passion then before. Some things really can't be explained. he thought. Humph. I guess Kakarot's not so stupid after all.

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What do you think? Please let me know! This is my first DBZ fan fic so please go easy on me!

End
file.